



ssA.

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SONNET XXXV I.

LET my heart, my body, and my tongue
 Bleed forth the lively streams of faith
 unfeigned ' Worship my saint, the gods
 and saints among!
 Praise and extol her fair, that me hath
 pained ' O let the smoke of my
 suppressed Desire,
 Raked up in ashes of my burning
 breast, Break out at length, and to
 the clouds aspire^
 Urging the heavens t'afford me
 rest! But let my body naturally
 descend
 Into the bowels of our common
 mother! And to the very centre
 let it wend,
 When it no lower can, her griefs to
 smother! And yet when I so low do
 buried lie; Then shall my love ascend
 unto the sky!

SONNET XXXVII,



AiR is my love that feeds among the
 lilies,
 The lilies growing in that pleasant
 garden Where Cupid's Mount, that
 well beloved hill is,
 And where that little god, himself is
 Warden. See where my Love sits in
 the beds of spices !
 Beset all round with camphor,
 myrrh, and roses. And interlaced with
 curious devices
 Which, her from all the world apart
 incloses. There, doth she tune her
 Lute for her delight'
 And with sweet music makes the
 ground to move; Whilst I, poor I, do
 sit in heavy plight^
 Wailing alone my
 unrespected love. Not

daring rush into so rare a
place,
That gives to her, and she to it,
a grace.

GAR. V.